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MOUNT VERNON, PAST AND PRESENT.

WHAT SHALL BE ITS DESTINY?

BY THOMAS P. ROSSITER.

Who, that has heard of Mount Vernon, has not desired to make a pilgrimage thither, and behold with his own eyes what Washington, in a letter to the Marchioness de Lafayette, describes as the birth-place where "I am enjoying domestic ease under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig tree, in a small villa, with the implements of husbandry, and lambskins about me."

Who that has made himself familiar with the charming narrations of Irving, has not wished to compare impressions derived from his graphic pages, with the real site, and verify or correct his imaginings?

In fulfillment of this long-cherished hope, I joined a party of Baltimoreans on a lovely morning in June. At half-past nine o'clock, we were floating on the Potomac, with the capitol and public buildings of the metropolis glistening in the receding distance. The sky was cloudless, save small clusters of cumuli floating along the horizon. We glided between beautiful banks, rich in the first green of summer, and shimmering in light. About eleven, we passed Fort Washington, situated on a wooded knoll, and turning a point in the river, had our first view of the Mount Vernon Mansion, embosomed in trees which rise from the water's edge to the summit of the promontory, its roof and tower scarcely visible amid the thick foliage. The boat made a wide sweep so that views from all sides could be obtained, while the bell, tolling its grief-token, hushed into quiet the merry and laughing crowd, and impressed all with the solemnity of our journey.

Landing at the dock on the estate, we ascended through a small wooded ravine to the tomb, which fronts the path, or rather walk of decayed dilapidated boards. A more sad and disappointing object it is impossible to behold! The vault has an external covering of coarse brick; before the door is a space ten or twelve feet square, inclosed by a cheap iron railing; within, are two marble sarcophagi, containing the ashes of the illustrious dead, but covered with dust, and in melancholy keeping with the squalor and general neglect everywhere apparent about the house and grounds. The aspect of the place was such that we were willing to be hurried on with the crowd—and we accordingly picked our way over the crumbling, muddy boards, which skirt the top of the bank, through matted, tangled shrubbery and trees, to a rickety summer-house; and thence emerging on the lawn, obtained the first impression of the object of our pilgrimage. A semicircular line of trees, in beautiful clusters, and of varied foliage, lines the high bank, through whose openings are exquisite glimpses of the Potomac, and the opposite shores of Maryland. The house stands one or

two hundred feet back from the crest of the bank, with an undulating lawn in front and on either side, unmown and untidy. Over this otherwise attractive landscape, the mansion dominates, being a central point of picturesque interest, with its tall piazzas, peaked roof, dormer windows and cupola, and its sweeping arcades, connecting the outhouses and various white-washed buildings. But a feeling of sorrow is uppermost as you approach and examine all these in detail; the soul sickens to witness the dilapidation and utter neglect, the want of ordinary thrift, to say nothing of the veneration which permits the elements to work this ceaseless havoc, with no apparent effort made to arrest their ravages. A blush of shame would burn on every patriot's cheek, could he contemplate the forlorn picture it presents. The dishonor would come personally home to him; he would feel degraded at the sight of his father's house thus permitted for nearly sixty years to waste and corrode into a ruin without the nation's taking cognizance of it, or caring enough for its hallowed walls to rescue them from the spoils of Time.

Passing into the house, the hall and two empty rooms are all the public are permitted to see. Internally, however, the place seemed better cared for, though the crowd jostling each other to get possession of the register in one room, and in the hall importuning a negro for water, prevented a minute examination of anything. We therefore wandered about the grounds, making the circuit of what must have been formerly a very beautiful shady walk, but now overgrown with weeds and grass. We stopped to look at the gardens and cabins, taking a peep at the kitchen, separated from the main building by an arched colonnade; and then, until summoned to the boat, we sat under the shade of trees, sketching the architecture, and watching various groups of visitors disposed here and there in picturesque combinations.

Recalling the past history of this most memorable spot, what a flood of association and memory is suggested to the student or lover of the great and good Washington! Fancy runs back to the time when it was the estate of Hunting Creek, which Augustine Washington bequeathed to his son Lawrence, whose admiration for Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served, caused him to name the place after him; to the early years of George, when, at the age of fifteen, after his school days were past, he resided with his brother Lawrence, and hunted in the surrounding woods, and fished or shot ducks on the river, and followed the hounds with the Fairfaxes, with all the ardor of an enthusiastic youth; or, wandering amid the groves, and along the margin of the Potomac at twilight, we picture him weaving verses inspired by the Lowland Beauty. We then think of the schemes and musings of the boy, as he must often have lain on the grass under the same June sun, with

his eyes dreamily wandering over this same landscape, his thoughts seeking a clue to his destiny, and taking color from the turbulent elements of the colonial period; now with an inkling for achievement in border adventure, in which prowess was associated with the Frenchman and the Indian, who dwelt or prowled but a short way off in the wilderness; then, as ships from the old world came trading along the shores of the Potomac, or as he heard his brother Lawrence narrate his sea adventures, we imagine the longings for mysterious wanderings to other climes that were awakened, until these visions culminated in a midshipman's warrant, only abandoned by the entreaties of a tender mother. His intimacy with the Fairfaxes shaping his destiny, we next think of him departing on his surveying expedition, and of the commotion such an event would be likely to create among the dependents as "Massa George" says good bye, and turns his face towards the unexplored and almost unknown region of the mountains, ever awe inspiring and solemn to the dweller in the lowlands. After three years devoted to this service, we picture the sadder adieu when he accompanies his now invalid brother Lawrence to the Barbadoes in search of health; and then, the still sadder return in the ensuing summer—without hope of his brother's recovery; the watchings and anxiety until the 26th of July, when Lawrence is gathered to his fathers, and, at the age of twenty, the care of the estate devolves on him as chief executor, for little Jennie, the only child.

Now came the French and Indian encroachments, and the finger of destiny points to the fierce paths of war. He hears the genius of his country for the first time calling him to a place of public trust, and to urgent duty, to whose slightest murmurings he was ever after scrupulously obedient and faithful. With the adjutant-general's commission began a new life and other thoughts; Jacob Van Braam is an important personage, giving lessons on the broad-sword, and Adjutant Muse lectures eloquently on the manual. Then the clank of arms was heard in the court yard; the war steed neighed in the stables, and the holsters and plumes were hung in the halls, the presence or absence of which told that the master was at home or abroad. Soon, absence becomes the rule, and presence the exception. Away on commissions and councils—away on perilous adventures and weary marches—amid hostile savages and the intricacies of tangled forests, until consummating various civil, as well as military trusts, he is one of the few saved in the memorable defeat of Braddock; after this, he comes home to Mount Vernon, and a short season of repose. But again he responds to a call from Virginia, and accepts the command of her troops. A new phase opens, and many armed messengers come and go through the gates. And the master is hither and thither—now at Winchester, the head-quarters, now at Boston, Williamsburg, Philadelphia; again at head-quarters, until worn down with fatigue of body and mind, his physicians insist on his retiring from the army. From December, 1757,

to March 1758, he is an invalid occupant of his home. But the spring sees the young colonel again in active service. The lilacs and dogwood are left blooming, and the full Potomac rushing to the sea with its April complement of waters, when he joins the army at Cumberland. November witnesses the successful close of the campaign; his duties are accomplished, and on the last of December, he resigns his colonial commission, and resumes his domestic life, cherishing pleasant hopes and gentle aspirations, as the previous summer he had paid successful court to Mrs. Martha Custis. The sword hung with trophies, little time was lost in consummating their union, for on the 6th of Jan. 1759, they were married at the bride's house; and three months after, in the early spring, they took possession of Mount Vernon which was now peopled with beauty and talent, and musical with the voices of youth. Then it was Washington wrote: "I am now, I believe, fixed in this seat with an agreeable partner for life, and I hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced in the wide and bustling world."

The period commences on which the mind delights to ponder. Twenty-seven years of age, with a fame already in full coruscation, and honored and revered by the chief personages of the colony; elected to the House of Burgesses (in which capacity, he served fifteen years); married to a beautiful, gifted woman, whose character harmonized with his own in all the relations of life; possessed of an ample fortune, which his wife's portion greatly increased; having an estate, described in one of his letters "as most pleasantly situated in a high, healthy country, in a latitude between the extremes of heat and cold, on one of the finest rivers in the world, its borders washed by more than ten miles of tide water, and the whole shore an entire fishery;" the two Custis children giving life and animation to the house; still within the enthusiastic period of youth, and in full health, with a passion for domestic and agricultural pursuits;—what elements for a thoroughly-rounded existence!

We now follow him through his methodical habits. In summer, rising with the dawn, working or reading till breakfast; mounting his horse, and supervising the labor of his immense estates, whose product is noted for its quality—flour bearing the Washington brand being esteemed the best in the market; his frugal dinner, with the two glasses of old Madeira; the quiet afternoon's reading, and as evening stole on, seated beneath the tall piazza, in low, gentle talk with Mrs. Washington, while the children romp on the lawn, and long shadows steal over the greensward—the still Potomac flowing calmly by, the shores of Maryland blazing in the sunset, bats wheeling and swooping around the tall columns; insects chirping and birds singing their roundelay, and black dependents going and coming. Or, as night approaches, and the day's labors are about finished, Mrs. Washington's chariot and four, filled with lady visitors, and escorted by the colonel on horseback, whirls into the court. The equipages and black postillions in

livery produce a sensation in the cabins, and a stir in the little colony; Mr. Steward moves to and fro, keeping an administrative eye on the lower officers and menials; farm negroes cluster to see the cavalcade return; house-servants assume a pompous importance, stable-boys comment on the horses, and indulge in professional criticisms on the home or foreign breeds. Then come the state dinners, with the elegant service of plate—when the Fairfaxes and other distinguished guests gather around the social board; they adjourn for a dance, in which the gallant colonel performs a stately minuet with Mrs. Martha or some favored guest; or, to the river, where, in luxurious barges, they pass the evening, with music and merriment, Mr. Digge's stylish establishment being rowed by six negroes, and conspicuous for its aquatic state and ostentation; we enjoy the preparation for pic-nics and days in the woods, when guests and neighbors start in the early morning with all the paraphernalia of a day's rustic sport, elderly and young ladies on ponies, the mammas in scarlet riding-habits, and their daughters "with their "hoops arranged fore and aft like lateen sails;" the proven-der-horses and negro attendants follow; piscatorial gentlemen seek solace with rods and lines; or those of stirring blood are enticed to follow the hounds in a wild scamper over a rough and varied country, when the day terminates with a convivial banquet, which the colonel greatly enjoyed, his neighbors, old companions in arms, and cherished friends gracing the feasts.

Then we have the more serious avocations when, on rainy days, he was busy in the library with papers and accounts, or paying visits to the sick and infirm of the plantation, than to whom never was master more attentive and solicitous. The Sunday's ride to church; and, in winter, rising before dawn, lighting his fire, and working till breakfast; the duties of the day over, he reads aloud to Mrs. Washington and the household, while the good wife sat knitting attentively by. Happy days—the least memorable but most joyous—when home pursuits and civic duties occupied his thoughts and time; when he had leisure to attend to laying out and beautifying his grounds; to direct Peter Smith how to make a plough, and conquer the implement only after repeated attempts; attending to all the details of accounts and correspondence, exports and imports, without the aid of secretary or clerk, and to returning civilities and practising hospitalities and generosity in the most munificent manner.

Among his letters, we have, Sept. 1759, a correspondence with Robert Carey & Co., London, about the Custis estate, on the occasion of ordering an invoice of goods. Among the items are articles of apparel—"a light summer "suit of Duroy; salmon-colored tabby, with satin flowers, to "be made in a sack coat; caps, handkerchiefs, tucker, and "ruffles of Brussels lace, proper for *négligé*, to cost £20" (doubtless for madame). Various items, from "minikin-" pins, articles of toilette, perfumed powder," to the fashionable bonnet, and "white satin shoes of the smallest 5s;" "For Master Custis, 6 years old," gloves, light thin summer

clothes, silver knee and shoe buckles, a light duffle cloak, with silver frogs; "For Miss Custis, aged four"—flowered dimity, fashionable caps, ruffles, tuckers, bibs, and aprons, masks, bonnets, stiffened coats of fashionable silks, "one "fashionably dressed baby," and other toys. The simplest articles of groceries were imported, with medicines, tools, etc. Extreme minutia marks all his orders to consignees. He tells them he has used his utmost endeavors to succeed in making good tobacco, is tenacious about the prices of his crops, and particular about the articles sent.

His home life was varied with attending the house of Burgesses, at Williamsburg, visiting Annapolis, in whose gaieties he participated with zest—though sadly interrupted, when, in June, 1773, Miss Custis died, greatly lamented by Washington. As an episode in this generally cheerful life, the illness of this lovely girl must have been peculiarly sad and impressive. Idolized by her mother and the colonel, we can fancy them watching with solicitude the gradual encroachments of the insidious disease, accompanying her about the grounds, seating her tenderly in the summer-house overlooking the long reaches of the Potomac, or guarding her from the rude winds, as they swept around the angles, and invaded the sheltering piazzas. What a mournful contrast with her dashing, light-hearted brother, John Parke Custis, who at this time awakened Washington's solicitude on account of his early engagement with Miss Calvert. This year was memorable also for the marriage of these young persons, the bridegroom not having attained his majority, but acquiesced in, as he was the last of his family. We have now a new element in the domestic combination, and can picture the honeymoon which shed a renewed joy over the bereaved family, and served to beguile, in a measure, their sad thoughts.

Thus the peaceful years glided by. In 1767, came discussions on the Stamp Act, in which he takes an active part against Great Britain. Then, rumors of the Boston Port Bill, in 1774, aroused his warmest sympathy, and the small cloud takes form in the horizon. Elected by the Convention at Williamsburg as member to the first Congress, two of his associates, Patrick Henry and Edmund Pendleton, stop on their way at Mount Vernon. What a trio was that which left on horseback on the early August morning, for the Convention at Philadelphia! discussing, as they rode slowly along, the object of their mission, high themes and topics of vital political importance. Returning, with what different feelings must Washington have again entered the porch of Mount Vernon. The great die had been cast, the Rubicon crossed, and thenceforth the issues of life had a deeper significance, and duty a sterner solemnity. What added lines of thought must have been on his brow! what earnestness and intensity in his mien! The colonies in their entirety were welded together. His interests were no longer local, but each section claimed his attention and sympathy alike. We can now fancy him pacing up and down the long colonnade at dusk, musing on the events which each day's post brought, ruminating over

incident on incident, or wandering about his grounds in converse with Fairfax, whose loyalty was unabated, the pros and cons of the many exciting themes bubbling hourly to the surface for attention and discussion. Destiny was swooping on with kaleidoscopic changes. Soon Fairfax was gone to take possession of his English estates. By accident, Belvoir, the residence of so many delightful associations, was burned to the ground. The Fates began to don their tragic habiliments, and the air grew solemn with portents of the coming storm. The handful of vapor on the horizon was swelling and wreathing up ominously towards the zenith. Military men again began to appear at Mount Vernon. Chivalrous Virginians now sought advice and counsel from the soldier of highest authority in the land. He went and came frequently during the winter, ever engaged in disciplining and reviewing independent companies of militia, and discussing with Dr. Craik and Hugh Mercer, who were his frequent guests, on military affairs. General Charles Lee and Major Gates were likewise at this time recipients of his hospitality—both inclining to the popular cause. What counselling and plans for organization must have been exchanged. While Lee's eccentricities, his drolleries and troops of dogs, must have created no ordinary stir among the domestics, and seriously discomposed the systematic housewifery and amiability of my lady, as the canine favorites took seats with him at the table, and appropriated the pleasant places of the mansion.

His diary records the last gallop after the fox-hounds for many a year. His brother, John Augustine, was organizing an independent company; Washington offers to command it, and writes: "It is my full intention to devote 'my life and fortune to the cause.'" The resolve was taken, and preparations made to attend the second Congress at Philadelphia, when messengers brought the stirring news of the fight at Lexington. Bryan Fairfax and Gates were his guests. With what different emotions was that momentous event discussed on that April evening! The intercourse between Fairfax and his friend is to cease, and the sympathies of olden fellowship must inevitably be sundered. But both are loyal to their convictions—the one to his king, the other to his native country. In his own language: "The once happy and peaceful plains of America 'are either to be drenched with blood, or inhabited by slaves'—sad alternative! But, can a virtuous man hesitate in 'his choice?'" Again he departs, and is at the opening of the second session, May 10th, 1775, and on the 15th June, is appointed commander-in-chief. The postman brings Mrs. Washington a letter from the newly-created general, who writes: "I should enjoy more real happiness in one 'month with you at home, than I have the most distant 'prospect of finding abroad. . . . I shall rely confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved 'and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall 'return safe to you in the fall. . . . My unhappiness 'will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from 'being left alone."

How had the light gone from the beloved home, to her who was left only to friendly visitations of neighbors or kindred to sustain her spirits in the weary absence! From this time, for many years, Mount Vernon seems under a cloud. True, the daily avocations of the farm go on; the servants perform their duties as of yore; the stationary population is the same. But there is no more bustle and preparation to receive or speed the master; he is far off with the army, in the thick tumults of war, and rumors only come from time to time telling vaguely of his movements and deeds. System and discipline slacken; the overseer's eye is not like the master's and mistress's; things begin to get out of joint, although weekly letters from the camp would still direct and control with all the exactness which absence could permit. The hope of returning to Mount Vernon in the autumn cannot be realized, and madam takes leave of the household and dependents in December to join the general at Head-quarters. What a gloom must have fallen over the place as her carriage and suite rolled out of the gates, leaving desolation of heart and winter behind! And though Lund Washington was diligent and faithful, though the command was—"Let the hospitality of the 'house with respect to the poor be kept up; let no 'one go away hungry," yet the contrast with the days gone by, when "massa" and "missis," were young, and happy guests peeped from each window, must have been desolate and solemn indeed. Especially when it was known that the good master was making all sacrifices for duty alone, without pecuniary reward or compensation.

With the spring, Mrs. Washington returns only to spend months of apprehension and alarm. Thus winter and summer succeed each other in weary progress, madam joining the general when the severity of the season compels a cessation of hostilities, and seeking the seclusion of home when the elements thawed the leashes which held the dogs of war. Year followed year with little variation at Mount Vernon, though so big with destiny elsewhere, until the spring of 1781, when small armed vessels came plundering and laying under contributions the shores of the Chesapeake bay and the Potomac. One of these craft appearing off the estate, the manager bought the good-will of the enemy by furnishing refreshment and supplies. On hearing it, Washington writes: "It would have been a less painful circumstance to me, to have heard that, in consequence of your 'non-compliance with their request, they had burned my 'house and laid my plantation in ruins."

On the 9th of Sept. 1781, after the household had retired, and the inmates of the various cabins were in repose, they are startled by an unwonted arrival. The plantation is aroused and wild with joy. "Great massa" and "one 'gentleman, Col. Humphreys" has come back after more than six years' absence. The renowned general, the commander-in-chief, once more beneath his own roof! How those long years had told on his manhood! What alterations had taken place among those many dependents! The surroundings were much the same, save a more dingy

and time-worn hue to the appointments and furniture. But how had the years dealt with the kind faces, dimming the tearful eyes of the aged, furrowing those left in middle life, blotting out the roses and uncurling the locks of youth; some familiar greetings were doubtless missed, some expanded into unrecognizable stature and matured lineaments. But there was no leisure to regard the half. On the morrow, Count Rochambeau, Gen. Castellux and aids arrive; on the 11th, the spacious mansion was crowded with guests, who were entertained in the ample style of old Virginia hospitality. What a festival day was that in the domestic calendar, all too short, for, on the 12th, the commander and suite leave to join Lafayette at Williamsburg.

Day after day came tidings from the busy camp. Events became more and more momentous, until the final electric note sped over the land. Cornwallis has capitulated! The country is saved! Jubilate! What frantic joy; what welkin shouts echoed again and again; what congratulations of neighbors; what unstinted hope for the future.

But there was grief for the good master and mistress, as Washington was summoned, on his way from Yorktown, to attend the death-bed of John Parke Custis, at Eltham, the seat of Col. Basset, where, at the age of 28, he was called away from this world, leaving his mother and wife inconsolable. Washington adopted the two youngest children of the deceased, and Mount Vernon again became musical with the prattle of childhood, and there was solace for the worn soldier in contemplating their development and unfolding beauty. Again was his visit home a short one. November finds him at Philadelphia, preparing for another campaign, allaying disaffections, and rejecting with scorn the overture of certain officers of the army to make him king.

At last comes his farewell address to the army. Resigning his commission at Annapolis, he "commends the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping." Stepping from his altitude, he welcomes prayerfully the falling curtain on another act of the great drama.

It is Christmas eve. An unwonted stir and preparation are going on in the kitchen; servants are moving in nervous, bustling expectation; there is a titter of delight among the young people; the house is all aglow with fires and lights in different rooms. White and dark faces fill the window panes, peering out into the night. It is the great festival evening of the year; every soul on the plantation had been looking anxiously for this holiday season and its Christmas privileges, but who had dreamed of such a soul feast. Anon, and they hear faintly through the winter's darkness low sounds of wheels, then shouts in the distance, with hum of many voices, and then the clattering of steeds and the flashing of lanterns and torches. With a triumphant sweep the cavalcade whirls to the door; Christopher assists his master over the sill, and Washington the citizen is

again beneath his own roof. With what a sense of relief must he have taken the chair beside the warm hearth, and received the congratulations of the warmer hearts about him! This moment so often sighed for, at the bivouac and on the weary march; scarcely hoped for in the gloomy hours of unsuccess, at the harrowing and dubious council-board, beneath the fierce heats of summer while struggling to circumvent the enemy, or amid the appalling snows of winter, when seeking almost in vain a bare protection for his soldiers against the element's inclemency; not dreamed of in the fitful slumber which followed his excessive care and watchfulness over the nation's destiny,—yet all, and far more than he could have conceived, he realized. What an hour for gratitude and thanksgivings! Was ever such a Christmas eve spent by mortal before? The liberties of his country achieved, and he the agent, now a simple citizen among his own people. The little adopted ones climbing his knees, and the good wife, consoler and sustainer in camp, cabinet, and field occupying the other chair beside the home-hearth. O Epic muse! O Genius of History! O Goddess of Art! was ever more glorious theme to record before the admiring nations? Listen to the hero's own words, "I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of domestic virtues." Applaudits were ringing from one end of the land to the other; but the still small voice in commendation was all he heard, as he nestled within the sheltering walls of his beloved Mount Vernon. Welkin shouts in the distance were as the confused, dim roar of Humanity's ocean. He had brought the bark the people confided to him safely to land. The great tides would surge and ebb and flow forever. His battles with elemental passions were over; the haven was attained, the helm relinquished, his own roof-tree was above him, and his God within.

An intensely severe winter had sealed the country with ice and snow, and rendered the roads impassable; even neighborly intercourse was in abeyance, and he could not so much as pay his aged mother a visit at Fredericksburg. What a calm for a few weeks must have bathed his spirit! What long respirations, while yet scarcely trusting the reality or intensity of his happiness! His dreams were full of camp-life, and he awoke each morning expecting to hear the réveillée beat and the challenge of the sentry. Now came renewals of old acquaintance and friendly correspondence. Writing to a friend, he says: "My manner of living is plain, and I do not mean to be put out by it. A glass of wine and a bit of mutton are always ready, and such as will be content to partake of them, are always welcome. Those who expect more will be disappointed." Having declined all pecuniary compensation from Congress for his services,—jealously maintaining he had served his country from a sense of duty, not reward,—it became necessary to restore, by economy, his estates, and make up the deficiencies of his pecuniary sacrifices; so that his time and thoughts were mostly turned to agricultural pursuits.

Spring brought an influx of visitors, and the hospitable board was rarely without distinguished guests. On the 17th of August, Lafayette makes a visit of two weeks, when we can fancy the two soldiers pacing up and down the colonnade, or sitting beneath the trees at sunset, talking over their battles, speculating on their issues, reviewing and casting political prophecies over the probable future of both hemispheres. The friends who had borne the struggling days with them were all remembered, and those who had fallen by the way or been recreant. What exquisite courtesies and amenities were those when madam joined the circle; how did chivalric courtly etiquette pay homage to the simplicity and quiet bearing of the hero lady.

In September, Washington made a tour of the western country, to look after the lands he owned beyond the Alleghanies; also to open, if possible, a communication between the Atlantic and Ohio by internal navigation—an ultimatum that is realized in our day by the magnificent achievement of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. The journey of 680 miles was made on horseback. After his return, Lafayette again visits him for a few days, when Washington accompanied his noble guest to Annapolis. The parting of the two friends was affecting, as Washington had forebodings, which he shaped in a letter on his return, that it was their last separation.

We now dwell on his correspondence as the exposition of his life. To Jonathan Trumbull, Jan. 5, 1784, he writes—
 "We should amuse our evening hours of life in cultivating the tender plants and bringing them to perfection, before they are transplanted to a happier clime. . . . I have now reached the goal of domestic enjoyment."

Feb. 1st, 1784. He writes Lafayette: "At length, my dear marquis, I am become a private citizen on the banks of the Potomac, free from the bustle of a camp and the busy scenes of public life. I am solacing myself with those tranquil enjoyments of which the soldier who is ever in pursuit of fame; the statesman, whose watchful days and sleepless nights are spent in devising schemes to promote the welfare of his own, perhaps the ruin of other countries, as if this globe was insufficient for us all; and the courtier, who is watching the countenance of his prince, in hopes of catching a gracious smile, can have little conception. I have not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself, and shall be able to view the solitary walk, and tread the paths of private life with a heartfelt satisfaction. Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life, until I sleep with my fathers. . . . Come with madam, and view me in my domestic walks." Mr. Bowie, wishing to write his life, and applying for papers, he writes—
 "Any memoir of my life would rather hurt my feelings than tickle my pride. Whilst I live I had rather glide gently down the stream of life, leaving it for posterity to

"think and say what they please of me than by any act of mine to have vanity or ostentation imputed to me."

Receiving various donations and congratulatory bequests, he invariably declined them. When presented with shares of the Potomac and James River Companies, he says, "It is really my wish to have my mind and my actions, which are the result of reflection, as free and independent as the air." When Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, wrote him on this subject, he replied in the same strain, but accepts the shares on condition that he may be permitted to apply them towards establishing two charity schools for each river. His policy was to attempt no refutation of charges against his life and character. Mrs. Macauley Graham visits him in June for ten days. He writes Col. Humphreys, inviting him to make Mount Vernon his home: "You would be considered and treated as one of the family; have a room of your own and command of your time." Hearing of distress in the Island of Jamaica, from a hurricane, he sends Mr. Vaughan a few barrels of flour of his own manufacturing. He makes a donation of \$5,000 to institute a school for orphan children in Alexandria. Writing Benjamin Lincoln, he says, "Mr. Lear, or any other who may come into my family in the blended character of preceptor to the children and clerk or private secretary to me, will sit at my table, live as I live, will mix with the company who resort to the house."

The year 1785 is devoted mainly to agricultural pursuits. His diary shows him improving his shrubbery and groves, transplanting ivy in February, planting hemlocks in March. In April he sows holly berries in drills, some adjoining a green brier hedge on the north side of the garden gate, others in a semicircle on the lawn; he sows acorn and buckeye nuts, brought by himself from the Monongahela, transplants young elms, ash, white-thorn, crab-apples, maples, mulberries, willows, and lilacs; lays out winding walks, and plants trees and shrubs along them; opens vistas through the pine groves, commanding distant views of the woodlands, twines honeysuckles around his columns. As the season advances, an army of visitors come in succession, some cordially welcomed, all politely; but the inundation of strangers must have been irksome, while his growing correspondence, which each post only augmented, became extremely wearisome. Then, crowning all, we have the infliction of sitting for his portrait. On this incident we may be excused for dwelling, albeit with the same professional delight which gladdens the surgeon when witnessing a "beautiful operation."

Importuned from all quarters to sit, he replies, "In for a penny—in for a pound, is an old adage. I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil, that I am altogether at their beck, and sit like patience on a monument, whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. It is a proof among many others of what habit and custom can accomplish. At first I was impatient at the requests

"and as restive under the operation as a colt under the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing; now, no dray horse moves more readily to his thill than I to the painter's chair. I yield a ready obedience to your request and the views of Mr. Pine." Mr. Pine's view, however, was not all which posterity could desire. But to the advent of Houdon the nation owes a great debt. It was at the instigation of Jefferson and Franklin that he crossed the ocean a fellow-passenger with the latter, and in a three weeks' sojourn at Mount Vernon in October he modelled the bust, and took measurement for the statue, which was executed in Paris for Virginia, and which is incomparably the finest representation we have of Washington, when considered for fidelity to likeness.

Sept. 26, 1785, Washington writes three letters. The first to Franklin, soliciting a visit from him, and assuring the sculptor a welcome. The second to Houdon. "It will give me pleasure to welcome you to this seat of my retirement, and whatever I have or can procure that is necessary to your purposes, or convenient and agreeable to your wishes, you must freely command, as inclination to oblige you will be among the last things in which I shall be found deficient, either on your arrival or during your stay." The third, to Jefferson, he writes—"I shall take great pleasure in showing Mr. Houdon every civility and attention in my power during his stay in this country, for I feel myself under personal obligations to you and Dr. Franklin for having placed the execution of a statue in the hands of so eminent an artist, and so worthy a character." Later he writes Jefferson—"Respecting the dress and attitude which I would wish to have given the statue, perhaps a servile adherence to the garb of antiquity might not be altogether so expedient as some deviation in favor of modern costume."

At this time, George Augustine Washington, his nephew, married, and passed some time at Mount Vernon. The uncle, notifying Lafayette of it, says, "Your old aid, George, has taken himself a wife of his choice. When the honeymoon is over I will set him copying your letters. . . . Houdon's departure is announced."

Tobias Lear being appointed his private secretary, he is relieved from the duties of the cabinet, and gives his attention to the ornamental cultivation of the grounds immediately about the house, ever developing the beautiful, and turning their natural advantages to the best account. The estate at this time was divided into five farms. That appertaining to the house was called the Mansion-house farm: unitedly they contained 3,260 acres. On a general map drawn by Washington each field was numbered. Knowing their soil and qualities, he regulated the crops accordingly. Each farm had its overseer, with dwellings, outhouses, barns, and negro cabins. There were several hundred acres of woodland besides. The mansion stables were filled with carriage and saddle horses, native and imported; on the farms were 54 draught horses, 12 mules, 317 head of black

cattle, 360 sheep, and droves of swine running at large in the woods. His reading is on agriculture and gardening: he constructs barns, sheds, and farm-buildings in the most substantial manner, soliciting convenient plans from Arthur Young, which he erects of brick, "equal to any in America." His agricultural papers are models of system and detail. Besides this estate, he possessed forty thousand acres of land west of the Alleghanies—ten thousand on the Ohio, the remainder on the Great Kanawha.

Again he rises before dawn, and finishes his breakfast at half-past seven, mounts his horse and visits different parts of the plantation, returning to dine at half-past two; then he would write until dark or nine in the evening, or otherwise read or amuse himself with whist. Billy, his faithful servant and companion of his military career, is always within call. With manners perfectly simple and unassuming, all the household felt at ease in his presence, while the young Custis' children often made him laugh heartily with their joyous and extravagant spirits, though Miss Custis represents him as a silent, thoughtful man. How could he be otherwise with the great schemes generating and revolving in his active mind. Of his humble self-estimate it is sufficient to state that he was never heard beneath his own roof to relate a single act of his life during the war, unless questioned, or for explanation.

The love for hunting revives. Lafayette sends him some French hounds, but they prove failures. He attempts to stock the place with deer, and make it as much like an English estate as possible. From time to time tidings of some companion-in-arms, or of a friend passing away, disturbs the cheerful life. On the 18th of June, Green dies; others follow. He writes—"Thus some of the pillars of the Revolution fall. May our country never want props to support the glorious fabric." To Col. Arnaud he says, "I never expect to draw my sword again. My first wish is to see the world at peace, and the inhabitants one band of brothers, striving who should contribute most to the happiness of mankind." The sword was exchanged for the pruning-hook. He was busy tracing garden beds instead of redoubts and bastions. The war steed was grazing among his peaceful brethren; the arms were growing rusty; moths were making havoc with military habiliments and insignia.

Thus passed 1785. The year 1786 brought with it the turbulence of factions. There was no thorough organization, and the wise of the nation began to apprehend anarchy, and to distrust the power to form a consolidated government. Washington's pen was not idle during those months of doubt and dilemma. Hayes's Gazette records only discords; mails from Philadelphia to Mount Vernon were four days in transit; anxiety is uppermost; the States become jealous of each other—some steps must be taken. Navigation and trade commissioners meet at Annapolis in September; they recommend another convention of all the States, and Washington is elected head of the Virginia delegation, but he objects to accepting the appoint-

ment until Congress legalizes the convention. Early in May, 1787, he departs for Philadelphia, and again the kaleidoscope of change is violently shaken into new combinations. An extensive correspondence ensues. With what interest he watches the debates of the different States upon the reception or rejection of the Constitution, daily sending letters to Pinckney, Lincoln, Jay, Langdon, Trumbull, and Madison, on the importance of the Constitution.

All eyes being turned towards him as the nation's candidate for the presidency, Hamilton writes, "That it is indispensable he should bind himself to the first operations of the new organization." Washington replies: "My great and sole desire is to live and die in peace and retirement on my own farm. Were it indispensable that a different line of conduct should be adopted, I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles—the character of an honest man." To Henry Lee: "I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue. Whenever I shall be convinced the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude. My inclinations will dispose and decide me to remain as I am (a private citizen), unless a clear and insurmountable conviction should be impressed on my mind, that some very disagreeable consequences must, in all human probability, result from the indulgence of my wishes." To Alexander Hamilton: "I should unfeignedly rejoice in case the electors, by giving their votes in favor of some other person, would save me from the dreadful dilemma of being forced to accept or refuse." To Benj. Lincoln: "Every personal consideration conspires to rivet me to retirement; but if I shall be persuaded to accept the candidacy, it will not be from inducements of a private or personal nature. This act would be the greatest sacrifice of my personal feelings and wishes that ever I have been called on to make. It would be to forego repose and domestic enjoyment for trouble, perhaps for public obloquy. For I should consider myself as entering upon an unexplored field, enveloped on every side with clouds and darkness. . . . From this embarrassing situation I had naturally supposed that my declaration at the close of the war would have saved me, and that my sincere intention then publicly made known would have effectually precluded me forever afterwards from being looked upon as a candidate for any office. This hope, as a last anchor for worldly happiness in old age, I had still carefully preserved, until the public papers and private letters from almost every quarter taught me to apprehend that I might soon be obliged to answer the question—whether I would go again into public life or not."

Love of ease and unwillingness to assume burdens was not the motive actuating him, as he was at this time Chancellor of William and Mary's College, head of the company for clearing the Potomac, and active member of various

other societies and corporations, and corresponding largely on internal navigation and domestic industry.

In September he was nominated unanimously for the presidency. Cincinnatus must leave the plough; the farmer doff his coat of ease and independence, and don the robes of state and diplomatic ceremony. His back is once more turned on Mount Vernon. Little did he think for what issues, and for how many long and troublesome years, would he be alienated from his beloved home and its tranquil pursuits.

In March, 1789, he is importuned from every direction for offices, as it was considered positive that he would be elected. To all applications he returns answer, "That he was determined to go into the chair of government free from all positive engagements of every nature whatever. I do not intend to be swayed in the disposal of places by motives arising from ties of friendship or blood." The answers to these numerous daily applications, by his own hand, was an insupportable burden to him. Just previous to leaving, he writes his nephew George a letter, which all young men entering the threshold of manhood should peruse, and make the standard of their lives. The delay in getting the quorum of the first Congress, from March 4 to April 6, was a source of great annoyance, showing great supineness and indifference on the part of members. Being notified by John Langdon, President pro-tem. of the Senate, that he had been unanimously elected President, he writes, April 14th: "Sir, I had the honor to receive your official communication about one o'clock this day. Having concluded to obey the important and flattering call of my country, and having been impressed with an idea of the expediency of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey on Thursday morning."

On the 16th of April he writes in his diary: "About ten o'clock I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life, and to domestic felicity, and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York, in company with Mr. Thompson and Col. Humphreys, with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations."

The journey was one long triumphal procession. Gentlemen from Alexandria met him at his own gate, to escort him, and from town to town his approach was announced by booming guns, ringing bells, and every manifestation of rejoicing. But how quiet sleeps his now beautiful though deserted home, through the long summer suns and winter snows. An interregnum falls over its history, and we have only to chronicle the added beauty which each season gives to the shrubs and trees, the garden and grove which the good man's hand had planted. His visits were at long intervals and short. Passing a few days at the close of a session, to give a hasty inspection to the plantation, though his direction was ever apparent, as the weekly post brought in-

structions for the conduct and guidance of the estate and its dependents.

The Mayor of Alexandria expressed the sentiments of the neighborhood, "Who deplored, in his departure, the loss of the first and best of their citizens—the ornament of the aged—the model of the young—the improver of their agriculture—the friend of their commerce—the protector of their infant academy—the benefactor of their poor." His civic garb at this period was of domestic manufacture. At his inauguration he was dressed in a full suit of brown cloth, with a steel-hilted dress sword, white silk stockings, and silver shoe buckles, and his hair was dressed and powdered in the fashion of the day, and worn in a bag and solitaire.

In Sept., 1790, he visits Mount Vernon for repose, his health having suffered from close application to the duties of his office. But the cares of state follow him here. The weight of the chief magistracy is on him. Yet he stands erect a modern Atlas, a Titan under the huge burden. His library is no longer the apartment of the planter and gentleman of leisure, but bears evidence of the complications of diplomacy, and the press of subjects which perplex and absorb the ruling mind. He is longer with his secretary, and less time with the stewards. The hounds sun themselves on the piazza, scarcely recognized. He is more taciturn; his mood is abstracted; the shadow rarely leaves the brow, and the brain is busy with foreign relations, Indian policy, plans for the city of Washington, and what not. The third Congress assembles at Philadelphia early in December. There the President repairs and thenceforward resides until the term of office is completed, though occasionally stealing away to its tranquil shades, but not from the loud tongue of rumor, or the responsibility of events. He was here when intelligence of the declaration of war between England and France reached him in the spring of 1793. Resolving on the policy of neutrality, he hastened to Philadelphia, and proposed his views to his Cabinet. When we next hear of him at home, it is in the summer of '95, devoting himself to allaying the excitement which the British treaty had produced; informing the people that "the Constitution is the guide which I never can abandon. While I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation from my country, I can no other-wise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my conscience." But messengers brought tidings of commotions and excitements throughout the land; an endeavor was made to coerce the executive. There was no more repose in the beloved home. With a sad heart he departed to quell the turbulence, and overcome by consistent firmness the factious combination, fast growing into hydra magnitude. As the subject of his farewell address was revolving in his mind for a year before retiring from office, it is not improbable that the contrast between the quiet of Mount Vernon and the fierce contentions of Philadelphia, urged him to relinquish the cares of state at the expiration of his second term. Factions being, in a measure, subdued,

and the policy of the administration assured, the time had arrived when a sense of duty permitted him to retire, and leave the government to other hands. Resisting the importunities of friends, in September, six months before the completion of his term of office, he issued his farewell address, which produced the most profound regret throughout the country, and satisfaction only among the members of the home colony, who had assurance that the master would soon be with them again. How wistfully they counted the winter months, and made preparation for a becoming reception! March, 1797, at length arrived. The new President, Adams, was inaugurated. Washington, again the citizen, witnessed the ceremony, the most relieved spectator of all the great multitude. The gigantic load from mind and spirit cast off forever, with a light heart, accompanied by his family, he proceeded on his journey homeward. The same testimonials of respect and demonstrations of joy greeted him at the different cities and towns through which he passed, and it was only when he was within the sacred precincts of his own walls that he could consider himself a simple citizen.

What a gala spring was that for the weary statesman! What a new charm had the budding trees and shrubbery! With what increased interest did he watch the gardens as they developed their profusion! The old divisions of the day were resumed, but inasmuch as he was subjected to constant visitors, it was necessary to observe more state and etiquette. He writes: "I mount my horse, and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss to see strange faces, come, as they say, out of respect to me; and how different is this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board. The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, bring me within the dawn of candle-light, previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will return to my writing-table to acknowledge the letters I have received. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year." After an eight years' absence, there was much to be done in restoring the buildings and land to their former condition. Thus passes a year, when the country again claims his services. The French Government prefer insulting claims which must be resisted; Congress prepares for war, and the voice of the nation centres on Washington as commander-in-chief. In June the post brings him a letter from the President: "There will be more efficacy in your name than in many an army." He answers: "I certainly should not intrench myself under the cover of age and retirement, if my services should be required by my country." The nomination was confirmed on the 3d of July, and the Secretary of War was bearer of the commission to Mount Vernon. Again is he embarked in manifold public duties, and to the end of his life is absorbed in organizing and regulating the new army. After relinquishing the presidency his health was excellent. A robust man of

sixty-six, he had still the vigor of middle age; the infirmities attendant on three score were scarcely recognized. He exhibited the same commanding figure, whose lofty bearing betokened the full prime, and his eye was as keen and his intellect as penetrating as at any period. He was strong in the recognition by his countrymen of great deeds, worthily achieved, and the consciousness of duty wholly fulfilled. But the recording angel was lurking in the shadow. The year 1799 was nearly completed with its summary of events at Mount Vernon accomplished. Fate's strands were almost spun, only the last page was to be registered. Thursday, the 12th of December, was most unpromising, but the farms were to be looked after. He mounted his horse about ten o'clock, and was gone until late in the afternoon; soon it began to rain, hail, and snow, accompanied with a cold wind. He arrived home wet and chilled, with snow lodging in his hair and neck, and he dined without changing his clothes. In the evening he was as well as usual. Snow fell on Friday, which prevented riding. In the afternoon he went into the grounds between the house and river to mark some trees which were to be cut down. He had a hoarseness, and complained of sore throat, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it. The papers were brought in; he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, reading till nine. Mrs. W. left the room to look after a sick guest; the general continued to read; he was very cheerful, and read aloud interesting and entertaining passages, as his hoarseness permitted. On retiring, Mr. Lear suggested he should take something for the cold. He replied, "I never take anything for a cold; let it go as it came." Between two and three o'clock he awoke Mrs. Washington, saying he was very unwell, and had had an ague. He desired that one of the overseers should bleed him. A servant was dispatched for Dr. Craik, and others were sent for Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown. Their consultations and remedies are useless. In a whisper he sends Mrs. Washington for his wills; one he burns, and confides the other to her keeping. To Lear he says: "I find I am going. Arrange and record all my late military letters and papers; settle my accounts and books." He observed, smiling, "Death is a debt we must all pay." He looked to the event with perfect resignation. At 8 a.m., his clothes were put on, and he sat in a chair by the fire, where he remained until 10. About 5 o'clock he was helped up again, and after sitting half an hour, desired to be undressed and put to bed. He said to Dr. Craik: "I die hard, but am not afraid to go." Near 10 p.m. he made several attempts to speak; at length he said, "I am just going. Have me decently buried." Lear took his hand, and pressed it to his bosom. Dr. Craik placed his hand over the General's eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh. Mrs. Washington, sitting at the foot of the bed, asked—"Is he gone?" None could speak—a sign was the only token. "Tis well," she said. "All is now over. I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

Such is the simple and touching account which an eyewitness gives us of the final hour and falling curtain. We have the gathering of mourners, the flocking of neighbors and strangers; the solemn obsequies, the military *cortège* on the cold December day, wending slowly through the grounds to the family vault; the heavy booming of the Alexandria artillery firing minute guns, while a nation was wailing for its Greatest and Best. The hero of the most momentous drama of history slept the sleep of the just with his fathers.

Fifty-eight years have been enrolled since the recording angel wrote him among the blessed. And yet, the nation has permitted his tomb to crumble, the storms to despoil his mansion, the weeds to grow over his footprints and his door-sill, without an effort to preserve the sacred domain. At last, the women of the land—God bless them!—having waited and hoped in vain for a recognition of the sanctity of Mount Vernon, moved with feminine zeal and loyalty to the noble dead, have combined, organized, and purchased the estate, to transmit the guardianship of the tomb from daughter to daughter, and make the spot from this time onward a shrine for coming generations.

Rescued from decay, the question of most importance is, what shall be done with the tomb, mansion, and domain? As all this comes within the province of Art, it is hoped a few suggestions from an Art point of view may not be amiss. The tomb should be reconstructed of the most enduring materials, and of the simplest monumental form. It would be well to solicit designs from native architects and artists, whose patriotism would prompt a competition. The most appropriate design should be accepted, and compensated with the usual percentage for making working drawings and overseeing the construction. The mansion, furniture, and outhouses should be restored to the condition in which Washington left them, data being gathered from all existing sources for the fullest accomplishment of this idea. The grounds immediately about the house should be restored to the same condition they were in at his death, allowing, of course, the increased shrubbery and trees to remain, but perfecting, as far as possible, Washington's ideal of Mount Vernon, or as he hoped it would be when his planting had reached maturity, and his plans fruition. Then, to identify the spot more immediately with the love and gratitude of the people, as funds can be procured, let there be erected on one of the promontories, or on a site overlooking the Potomac, a WALHALLA, or hall of the nation's dead, similar in purpose, but more vast in design, than that of Bavaria, which was constructed so munificently by Ludwig on the Danube, near Ratisbon, for the great departed of all Germany. This might be years in erecting, as it is for all time, and it should be built of native marble and stone. Here would be deposited the donations of individuals, communities, or States, in the shape of busts, statues, portraits, or biographical illustration by bas-relief or picture of the great and good of the nation. While the structure was in progress, some hall or building

in Washington could receive and keep for public exhibition these art tokens. Thus each succeeding generation might contribute its testimonials, and the spot grow in perpetual interest. This site is more appropriate than any other, inasmuch as it is removed from all sectional prejudice or local jealousies. It is within the sacred influence of the manes of Washington, on the domain endeared to every American; in the environs of the capital, and yet remote from the perpetually changing political atmosphere; sufficiently central and near for every one who visits the seat of government to see and make it a place of pilgrimage, where the munificent and benevolent would contribute as to a national and universal idea. The grounds about the building, consecrated by art, should be laid out in a park and garden, and be sustained by the general government. No work which does not reach a prescribed standard should be admitted within the walls, and no character who has not done something worthy of his day and generation should have the privilege of a monumental position. Nor should any be admitted until fifty years has tested his or her claim to a niche or record in the Hall of Immortality, presided over by the genius of our country's father.

For the most part the French may be considered superior to the English in delineation of character, if not as to the whole, at least with regard to its nicer shades. Read the French novelists, or satirical writers, or the biographical and miscellaneous works in which the literature of France is so rich, and you will discover a singular refinement of sagacity, with a number of felicitous and subtle reflections, on the subject of individual qualities, manners and motives of action. If we may boast some geniuses, as Chaucer and Shakspeare, incomparable in the art of personal portraiture, the faculty appears to be more commonly diffused among our neighbors.

In general also women are more rapid, and in no small variety of particulars, more acute observers of character than men; but their quickness of perception seems owing to a sort of instinct, or native sensibility, rather than to the exercise of induction, or a process of analysis. The truth perhaps is, that they draw their conclusions from fewer premises; or facility produced by habit may explain the secret; the position which the fair sex occupy in society, as not possessed of much direct power, requiring a more careful study of surrounding agents.—*Chulow.*

ALL that Goethe says of art and artists is admirable—worthy of him who was the greatest critic and connoisseur of his country and age; for instance, what he says of Claude Lorraine: "His pictures have the highest possible truth, and not a trace of reality; he knew the real world in its minutest details, and used these details as a means to express the fairer world within his own soul; and that is the true ideal, where the real means are so used that the apparent truth shall produce an illusion, as if it were reality."—*Mrs. Jamieson.*

THE feelings of some, though once open to a variety of impulses, are now buried so deep in the heart, that few of the vicissitudes of life can move them; as in the profound parts of the ocean, the fluctuations on its surface, the sunshine, cloud-shadows, breeze, and tempest, are equally unknown.—*Chulow.*

ULRICH VON HUTTEN.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

[Translated from Gervinus's History of German Poetry: ch. vii. sec. 6.]

By Rev. C. T. BNOOKS.

WE will single out two pieces from among Hutten's German works, and characterize them in a few lines; the one for the sake of the matter, the other for the sake of the form. *The Complaint and Warning against the power of the Pope** shall be one, the *Spectators* the other. The former may serve to show in what way the reformatory efforts expressed themselves in poetry; at the same time, it contains almost the sum and substance of Hutten's favorite ideas, and discloses all his boldness and energy. In the introduction he calls upon God to inspire men with knowledge and truth, and banish falsehood, that this nation may discern how far off his grace is, when men write of his godhead and yet cleave to filthy lucre, when they call every one a priest whom they know nevertheless to be a knave; the Lord shall vouchsafe to speak from his mouth, though for that very reason they set upon his life. The priests must never set worldly honor above above God's Testament, as Christ himself sufficiently exemplified, who fled far away when they would have proclaimed him king, whereas now the pope oppresses lands and people, strives to have two swords and three crowns, and treats the key lightly. He praises heaven for money, sells indulgences for sins, and subverts good manners and morals, for who would shun evil-doing when one can now wipe it away? As to the priests, their soul is bent only upon gluttony, upon costly dresses, upon toying with women, and vagabondism. I, that is a clerical life, then I must say that God's word is not just. And now whoever would fain change such things for the better, him they hale to the stake. They teach every day how usury is a great sin, and yet I see them always practising that very thing, just as a sign-post shows the way, which it has no mind itself to go. It were too much and against decency to expose all the infamy which they carry on in the German land. The world is still so blind, that they will not understand the truth. Now he screams in German to his fatherland, not to let herself be mocked for the sake of money with Turkish wars and church building. He admonishes the cardinals to moderate their pomp, the pope no longer to send out his extortioners, the legates, who summon us to confess and sing long hymns of fasting. One must blow away the smoke from the eyes of the Germans, for were they wise, the Gospel would assert its glory above these fables. He paints the enormities which he has seen in Rome, with his own eyes, and the knavish people in church, court, and city, and asks whether it is to be borne that such an unprofitable tribe should derive a daily income from our sweat and blood? When he was in Rome he did not see the butcher's shops closed in fast-

* Hutten's Works, 5, 59.